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And he who, remembering me at the moment of death, quits the body and comes forth, enters my nature; there is no doubt about that. Or, again, whatever nature he thinks on when he abandons the body at last, to that only does he go, O son of Kunti! having been always conformed to that nature. Therefore think on me at all times and fight.—*Bhagavad-Gita.*

As is the outer, so is the inner; as is the small, so is the great; there is but one law; and He that worketh is One. Nothing is small, nothing is great, in the Divine Economy.—*Hermetic Philosophy.*

THE PATH.

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THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

(*Continued from April number.*)

In the few introductory lines with which I took up this subject, it was stated that not being a Sanscrit scholar I did not intend to go into the commentaries upon the poem in that language. The great mass of those commentaries have looked at the dialogue from various standpoints. Many later Hindu students have not gone beyond the explanations made by Sankaracharya, and nearly all refuse to do more than transliterate the names of the different personages referred to in the first chapter.

But there is the highest authority for reading this poem between the lines. The Vedas themselves say, that what we see of them, is only "the

disclosed Veda," and that one should strive to get above this *disclosed* word. It is here clearly implied that the undisclosed Vedas must be hidden or contained in that which is apparent to the outer senses. Did we not have this privilege, then surely will we be reduced to obtaining true knowledge solely from the facts of experience as suffered by the mortal frame, and fall into the gross error of the materialists, who claim that mind is only an effect produced by the physical brain-molecules coming into motion. We would also have to follow the canonical rule, that conscience is a safe guide only when it is regulated by an external law such as the law of the church, or of the Brahmanical caste. But we very well know that within the material, apparent—or disclosed—man, exists the *real* one who is undisclosed. This valuable privilege of looking for the inner sense, while not straining after impossible meanings in the text, is permitted to all sincere students of any holy scriptures, Christian or Pagan. And in the poem itself, Krishna declares that He will feed the lamp of spiritual wisdom so that the real meaning of his words may be known ; so too the Upanishads uphold the existence of a faculty together with the right to use it, whereby one can plainly discern the real, or undisclosed, meaning of holy books. Indeed, there is a school of occultists who hold, as we think with reason, that this power may be so developed by devoted persons, that even upon hearing the words of a holy book read in a totally unfamiliar language, the true meaning and drift of the strange sentences become instantly known.[1] The Christian commentators all allow that in studying their Bible, the spirit must be attended to and not the letter. This *spirit* is that *undisclosed* Veda which must he looked for between the lines.

Nor should the Western student of the poem be deterred from any attempt to get at the real meaning, by the attitude of the Brahmins, who hold that only Brahmins can be told this real meaning, and, because Krishna did not make it plain, it may not be made plain now to Sudras, or low caste people. Were this view to prevail, then the whole Western body of theosophists would be excluded from using this important book, inasmuch as all persons not Hindus are necessarily of Sudra caste. Krishna did not make such an exclusion, which is only priestcraft. He was himself of shepherd caste and not a Brahmin ; and he says that any one who listens to his words will receive great benefit. The sole limitation made by him is that one in which he declares that these things must not be taught to those who do not want to listen, which is just the same direction as that given by Jesus of Nazareth when he said, "cast not your pearls before swine."

1 We have in mind an incident where a person of some slight development in this direction, heard read several verses from the Vedas in Sanscrit—with which he had no acquaintance—and instantly told what the verses were about —B.

But as our minds work very much upon suggestion or clues, and might in the absence of any hints as to where those clues are placed, be liable to altogether overlook the point, we must bear in mind the existence among the Aryans of a psychological system that gives substance and impulse to utterances declared by many Orientalists to be folly unworthy of attention from a man of the nineteenth century civilization. Nor need we be repulsed from our task because of a small acquaintance with that Aryan psychology. The moment we are aware of its existence in the poem, our inner self is ready to help the outer man to grasp after it, and in the noble pursuit of these great philosophical and moral truths, which is only our eternal endeavor to realize them as a part of our being, we can patiently wait for a perfect knowledge of the anatomy and functions of the inner man.

Western Sanscritists have translated many important words into the very lowest of their real meanings, being drawn away from the true by the incomplete Western psychological and spiritual knowledge, or have mixed them up hopelessly. Such words as *Karma* and *Dharma* are not understood. *Dharma* means *Law*, and is generally turned into *duty*, or said to refer merely to some rule depending upon human convention, whereas it means an inherent property of the faculties or of the whole man, or even of anything in the cosmos. Thus it is said that it is the duty, or Dharma, of fire to burn. It always will burn and thus do its whole duty, having no consciousness, while man alone has the power to retard his "journey to the heart of the Sun," by refusing to perform his properly appointed and plainly evident Dharma. So again, when we read in the Bhagavad-Gita, that those who depart this life, "in the bright half of the moon, in the six months of the sun's Northern course" will go to eternal salvation, while others "who depart in the gloomy night of the moon's dark season while the sun is in the Southern half of his path," ascend for a time to the moon's region, to be reborn on this earth, our Orientalists tell us this is sheer folly, and we are unable to contradict them. But if we know that the Aryans, with a comprehensive knowledge of the vast and never inharmonious correspondence reigning throughout the macrocosm, in speaking thus meant to admit that the human being may be or not in a state of development in strict conformity to the bright or dark moon, the verse becomes clear. The materialistic critic will take the verse in the fourth chapter which says that, "he who eats of the ambrosia left from a sacrifice passes into the supreme spirit," and ask us how the eating of the remnants of a burnt offering can confer salvation. When, however, we know that Man is the altar and the sacrifice, and that this *ambrosia* is the *perfection of spiritual cultivation* which he eats or incorporates into his being, the Aryan is vindicated and we are saved from despair.

A strange similarity on one point may be noticed between our poem

and the old Hebrew record. The Jews were prepared by certain experiences to enter into the promised land, but were unable to do so until they had engaged in mighty conflicts with Hivites, Jebuzites, Perizites, and Amalakites. Here we find that the very opening verse signalizes a war. The old, blind king Dhritaráshtra asks his prime minister to tell him what these opposing forces of Pandoos and Kooroos have been doing assembled as they are resolved upon war. So too the Jews assembled upon the borders of the promised land, resolved on conflict, and sustained in their resolve by the declarations of their God who had brought them out of the darkness of Egypt, carried on the fight. Egypt was the place where they had, in mystic language, obtained corporification, and stands for ante-natal states, for unformed chaotic periods in the beginning of evolution, for the gestation in the womb. We are on the eve of a gigantic combat, we are to rush into the midst of "a conflict of savages." If this opening verse is understood as it was meant, we are given the key to a magnificent system, and shall not fall into the error of asserting that the unity of the poem is destroyed.

Dhritarashtra is blind, because the body, as such, is blind in every way.

Some one has said—Goethe I think—that the old pagan religions taught men to look up, to aspire continually toward the greatness which was really his to achieve, and thus led him to regard himself as but little less, potentially, than a God ; while the attitude of man under the Christian system is one of humility, of bowed head and lowered eyes, in the presence of his God. In approaching the "jealous God" of the Mosaic dispensation, it is not permissible to assume an erect position. This change of attitude becomes necessary as soon as we postulate a Deity who is outside and beyond us. And yet it is not due to the Christian scriptures in themselves, but solely to the wrong interpretation given them by priests and churches, and easily believed by a weak humanity that needs a support beyond itself on which to lean.

The Aryans, holding that man in his essence *is God*, naturally looked up to Him and referred everything to Him. They therefore attributed to the material of the body no power of sight or feeling. And so Dhritarashtra, who is *material existence*, in which thirst for its renewal inheres, is blind.

The eye cannot see nor the ear hear, of themselves. In the Upanishads the pupil is asked : "What is the sight of the eye, and the hearing of the ear?" replying, that these powers reside solely with inner organs of the soul, using the material body as the means for experiencing the phenomena of material life. Without the presence of this indwelling, informing, hearing and seeing power—or being—this collection of particles now deified as *body* is dead or blind.

These philosophers were not behind our nineteenth century. Boscovitch, the Italian, Faraday, Fiske and other moderns, have concluded that

we cannot even see or know the *matter* of which these bodies and the different substances about us are made up, and that the ultimate resolution is not into atoms finely divided, but into "points of dynamic force"; and therefore, we cannot know a piece of iron, we only know the *phenomena* it produces. This position is an ancient Aryan one, with another added—that the real perceiver of those phenomena is the *Self*.

It is only by an acceptance of this philosophy, that we will ever comprehend the facts of nature which our science is so laboriously noting and classifying. But that science ignores a large mass of phenomena well known to spiritualists here and to ascetics in Asia, because the actual existence of the Self as the final support of every phase of consciousness is denied. "The disappearance of the ascetic is a possibility." But the West denies it, while it is doubtful if even spiritists will admit that any living man can cause that phenomena known as "form" to disappear. They are, however, willing to grant that a "materialized spirit form" may disappear, or that some mediums are living who have disappeared while sitting in a chair, either as an actual dissipation of molecules or by being covered as with a veil[1]

In those instances the thing happened without knowledge or effort on the part of the medium, who was a passive agent. But the Eastern ascetic possessing the power of disappearing, is a person who has meditated upon the real basis of what we know as "form," with the doctrine ever in view, as stated by Boscovitch and Faraday, that these phenomena are not realities, *per se*, and adding that all must be referred to the Self. And so we find Patanjali in his compilation of Yoga aphorisms stating the matter. In his twenty-first aphorism Book III, he says that the ascetic being aware that form, as such, is nothing, can cause himself to disappear.[2] It is not difficult to explain this as a species of hypnotism or psycholigizing performed by the ascetic. But such sort of explaining is only the modern method of getting out of a difficulty by stating it over again in new terms. Not until it is admitted that the Self eternally persists and is always unmodified, will any real knowledge be acquired by us respecting these matters. In this Patanjali is very clear in his seventeenth Aphorism, Book IV., where he says: "The modifications of the mental state are always known, because the presiding spirit is not modified."

We must admit the blindness of Dhritarashtra, as body, and that our consciousness and ability to know anything whatever of the modifications going on in the organism, are due to the "presiding spirit."

1 For an instance see Olcott's *"People from the other world,"* respecting a female medium. —W. B.

2 The Aphorism reads: "By performing Sanyama—restraint (or meditation)—about form, its power of being apprehended (by the seer's eye) being checked, and luminousness, the property of the organ of sight, having no connection with its object (that is the form), the result is the disappearance of the ascetic."—W. B.

So this old, blind rajah is that part of man, which, containing the principle of thirst for existence, holds material life. The Ganges bounding his plain on one side typifies the sacred stream of spiritual life incarnated here.

At first it flows down unperceived by us, through the spiritual spheres, coming at last into what we call matter, where it manifests itself—but yet remains unseen, until at last it flows into the sea—or death—to be drawn up again by the sun—or the Karma of reincarnation. The plain is sacred because it is the "temple of the Holy Ghost." Kuru-Kshetra should then read: "The body which is acquired by Karma." So the King does not ask what this body itself has been doing, but what have the followers of material existence, that is the entire host of lower elements in man by which he is attached to physical life, and the followers of Pandu, that is the entire set of spiritual faculties, been doing on this sacred plain.

It follows then that the enumeration of generals and commanders gone into by the prime minister in reply to the king, must be a catalogue of all the lower and higher faculties in man, containing also, in the names adopted, clues to powers of our being only at present dimly guessed at in the West or included in such vague terms as Brain and Mind. We find these generals given their appropriate places upon either side, and see also that they have assigned to them various distinctive weapons, which in many cases are flourished or exhibited in the preliminary movements, so that our attention may be drawn to them. WILLIAM BREHON.

(To be continued.)

REINCARNATION.

Is it my doom, though many myriad years
  And many a rhythmic life and death to rise
  To the rich calm of the nirvana skies
That swallows this mortality of tears?
On hopes, despairs, remorses, passions, fears,
  Shall I then close my long-enduring eyes,
  Nor severed selfhoods fondly recognize
Throughout their multitudinous careers?
Shall I with joy feel that unending rest
  Melt my full being in its drowsy tide,
  Never again to sin, or weep, or plod?
Or will I shriek, with memory-maddened breast,
  "O give me back that human love which died
  Before I sought identity with God!"

A. E. LANCASTER.

MEDIUMSHIP.

There is no more misunderstood or misapplied word than "Medium." Having been appropriated by the Spiritist, it is as a natural result, to-day supposed to mean just what he makes it mean.

Men take a word, saddle it with a meaning, ride it rough shod on a full gallop over and into every thing until other men shrink in terror from it; or else he stands and curses it for a vile and useless thing. Those who have given the word its present meaning, ascribing all things to the work of disembodied spirits, have made the Medium what he is, and taking to their bosoms the Frankenstein whom they have raised—hug him close, whether he be angel or devil. So long as the Meduim gives forth the utterances of "*Spirits*" it matters not at all whether they are the words of divine truth, pure lies, or the thoughts of the Medium; without the slightest true effort to discover the source, all is accepted and claimed for Spirits. This and some other modes of proceeding have discouraged many intelligent students from researches touching Mediumship, and caused all men, outside of a limited number, to distrust or fear the name.

Nevertheless Mediumship does exist, no matter how much it may be reviled or we be prejudiced against it. But Mediumship does not consist wholly in reality of so called communications from dead men, or the alleged materialization of Spirit forms through whose veins the red blood of Nature courses, and whose breaths frequently bear a suspicious odor of onions. While there is not one of the phases of Spiritism which is not founded upon a truth, yet these demonstrations almost generally are the results of unscrupulous persons seeking gain or self. A Medium gaining a little knowledge of some unfamiliar occult law, takes it for granted that all is learned, calls it a spirit, and immediately applies it to his own purposes. Finding he can go only a certain length with it, instead of seeking further knowledge, he strains and improvises upon it, to gain his ends or the gold he covets. We do not say they are not Mediums for they are. All the charlatans and pretenders who cling to the skirts of Spiritism also. They are Mediums for the lower passions and elementals. The error of Spiritists lies in the fact that they ascribe *all* things to Spirits. Clairaudience, Clairvoyance, Psychometry, Hypnotism, etc., are all claimed as the work of a Spirit or Control.

All men are Mediums or Sensitives, and to what extent they little know. We do not claim that all men are Mediums for Spirits of dead men, or that they are all instruments for the most exalted Intelligences, but they are Mediums for Elementals—the embodied, the disembodied, for those who never have or may never be embodied—for all that the Astral holds, and sometimes for that which is beyond the Astral. They are Mediums for

their own Inner and Higher selves or those of other men, and frequently failing to recognize them, they call them "Spirits."

The Psychometrist is a Medium or Sensitive, but he is such for the manifestation of the souls of things. The Hypnotic also, but he is for the manifestation of his own and the latent powers of other mortals. The Clairvoyant sees that which is recorded on the Astral.

The Clairaudient may hear the voices of Spirits, he may quite as easily hear the thought, but unspoken words, of other living men, the voices of forces or that of his own unrecognized Inner or Higher Self.

Upon the Astral Light all things are recorded; the knowledge of ages, the acts of all time, the forms of all who have died and all who live, the thoughts of all who have ever existed or do exist are photographed upon it. It has been and is being daily admitted more freely by wise men, that there are other forces and powers in Nature of which we, largely, have little knowledge. The souls of animate and inanimate things, the lights, colors and auras of non-luminous bodies, the powers of and forces exerted by immovable or quiescent things, and the effects of all these upon the human organism, are realized only to a slight extent by the enlightened and unprejudiced scientist, and fully known only to the *true* occult student.

Thought passes to and fro from man to man. At a higher level it does the same from higher intelligences to man, and all in a sphere beyond the material. Men, from different causes, rising to different levels above their ordinary outer selves, come into the Astral where all is spread out before them. They see and read only that for which they are fitted, and comprehend only that for which they are prepared. Through conscious or unconscious exaltation they rise into or come in contact with some current of thought or unspoken word which enters their brains by divers roads. Comprehended partly perhaps, but being entirely foreign to their normal personal manner of thinking—knowing they have heard a voice—it is ascribed to a Spirit, although in fact it may be the thought of a living man they hear, feel, see or are repeating. All men who by effort, training, or super-sensitive personality, lift themselves consciously or are lifted unconsciously above the material, and secure the wisdom knowledge and inspiration of other planes, are mediumistic.

Every student who has sought the Occult and attained his object has been a Medium, from Buddha, Pythagoras, Zoroaster, Apollonius, Plato, Jesus, Boehme, down to those of later times or of to day.

The Adept as well as the Chela, the Initiate as well as the Neophyte, the Master as well as the Student. The Chela is but the Medium for his own latent possibilities—his Master and Nature's laws. The Neophyte likewise, for all by a striving for a high ideal, seek to place themselves upon a plane where Occult laws may make themselves visible or intelligible through

their agency, and the silent voices of the Great Unseen become audible, be they individualized or diffused through all space as forces are. All things speak and convey a meaning, nothing is silent—all things speak from the monad, through all nature, forces, spheres, and space to the Omniscient silence—the ever living Word, the voice of the All Wise, and all men hear or feel some of these in some way and are Mediums for them.

Forces there are which wait but the will or desire of souls to spring into a certain degree of human intelligence, and make themselves heard to and through the one who has brought them into Material life.

Man's body is but a Medium. If it be not for his own Inner and Higher Self; then it is for those of other men; for we express the thoughts and acts of others quite as often as our own.

There has never been a wise or good word spoken, a note of true music sounded, a line of true poetry penned, a harmonious blending of color painted that was not the result of Mediumship. There never was an occult law explained, a divine mystery revealed through man, chela, student, Adept or Master, that was not the result of Mediumship.

The Master is higher than the chela who is his Medium. There is something higher than the Master, and he is Its Medium; looked at in its true light Mediumship is one of the wonders of the Creator. He who possesses most of this gift, realizing what it is and knowing how to wisely use it may feel himself supremely blest. The Mystic and true Theosophist realizing what a Medium really is, may well hesitate before he joins with those who cast aside divine wisdom because it has come through an instrument declared in horror by some to be Mediumistic.

ALBERTUS.

THE THEOSOPHICAL MEANING OF GOETHE'S FAUST.

[A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MALDEN THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.]

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

If the question were asked, what one literary work best represents the spiritual and intellectual problems of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, the majority of educated and thoughtful men would, I think, answer, Goethe's Faust. As the Divina Commedia represents the whole intellectual, social and moral movement of Dante's time, so Goethe's poem may be said to include the whole spirit of modern life, in all its phases.

And just as in the Divine Comedy we can read in the literal sense an account of the author's travels through the various circles of material

regions of punishment, purification, and reward; while there can be read also a consistent political meaning, the symbols considered as referring to the contests then raging in Italy, where Pope, Emperor, and civic republics, contended for their various interests; while deeper and truer than either, lies the spiritual sense, most precious of all, and as living as ever, when the literal and the political interpretations have become a matter of the past; so in Faust, every one who reads it may draw from it the meaning that it has for his special need, the answer for his special question; and the deepest thinker, the most spiritual interpreter of it will be the least likely to claim that he has fully comprehended its possibilities, or penetrated to its innermost sense.

And the inner meaning of both these is the same; it is the same question which underlies all the great Bibles of Humanity; how shall man, the imperfect, become perfect? Each age has to meet this problem, each states the solution in its own form; many are the answers, but very few, only one in an age, comes to be accepted as the voice of that age; and the inner sense of these is very nearly the same, though the external forms may be far different.

In what I may have to say as to the answer which "Faust" gives to the universal problem, I am much indebted to the very thoughtful and instructive work of Mr. D. J. Snider, "Goethe's Faust, a Commentary." To the theosophist, especially, this book is a perfect treasury of interpretations of inner meanings in Goethe's poem.

The action of "Faust" was tersely characterized by Goethe himself, in conversation with Eckerman, as "From heaven through earth to hell, and back to heaven." Faust himself, the hero, is the representative man, the type of humanity in its contest with the obstacles and temptations within and without, which beset his path. In the development of the Faust legend, what may be fairly so called, though the name of Faust is not always found in it, can be seen in three forms; the medieval, the protestant, and the modern.

In the medieval, which we first find about the fifth or sixth century of our era, the hero is known by the name of Theophilus; he renounces the faith, denies its power, uses magic arts, sells himself to Satan, but is at last, by special interposition of the Virgin, turned from his fate, and dies penitent and devout. This is the medieval form of the legend; a contest between the church and the devil, in which the church wins; the eternal womanly is the saving element here, but in the form of the Virgin Mary; any lower feminine element, if present at all, is only as an ally of the satanic power.

The Protestant Faust, the Faust of German legends, is in a certain sense a popular hero; he defies everything in his ambition for knowledge and power; he does not generally use his compact with Satan for malicious

purpose. He must fall, the ideas of divine government demand it; but he commands our admiration as he goes down; he falls under the divine stroke, but "impavidum ferient ruinæ."

The problem of our day demands that Faust should question everything, defy precedents and tradition, try every power of the human soul for pain and joy; and yet not perish like the Protestant Faust, not surrender in blind faith to the church, like the medieval. This is the problem that the poem we are considering is to solve.

The poem is emphatically the work of Goethe's whole life; begun very early, finished in his very last years, it illustrates every period of his literary style, and yet it is an organic whole, every part in living relation to the rest. A short dedication, written twenty-four years after the poet began the work, and in which he recalls the memories of the earlier days, is followed by the Prologue on the Stage, in which the manager, the actor, and the poet set forth their various ideals of a play. Gain is the object of the manager, applause that of the actor, while the poet speaks from that higher standpoint above personal motive. One word of his I think we will find gives a clue to the right interpretation of individual references in Goethe's works. The object of the poet is "to call the individual to the universal consecration." A scene, a character, may have been drawn from some event in Goethe's experience, from some person of his acquaintance; but in the work it stands not merely for the individual; we must understand it as having the universal consecration.

Then comes the Prologue in Heaven; one of the grandest scenes in literature; the song of the archangels defies translation; a hint of its grandeur may be obtained in our language, but hardly more.

RAPHAEL.

The sun-orb sings, in emulation,
'Mid brother-spheres, his ancient round;
His path predestined through Creation
He ends with step of thunder sound.
The angels from his visage splendid
Draw power, whose measure none can say;
The lofty works, uncomprehended,
Are bright as on the earliest day.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift beyond conceiving,
The splendor of the world goes round,
Day's Eden-brightness still relieving
The awful Night's intense profound:
The ocean-tides in foam are breaking,
Against the rocks' deep bases hurled,
And both, the spheric race partaking,
Eternal, swift, are onward whirled!

MICHAEL.

And rival storms abroad are surging
From sea to land, from land to sea ;
A chain of deepest action forging
Round all, in wrathful energy.
There flames a desolation, blazing
Before the Thunder's crashing way ;
Yet, Lord, Thy messengers are praising
The gentle movement of Thy Day.

THE THREE.

Though still by them uncomprehended,
From these the angels draw their power,
And all Thy works, sublime and splendid,
Are bright as in Creation's hour.[1]

This scene is in form much like the first chapter of the book of Job : the celestial hierarchy is assembled, the angels chant their grand calm hymn ; they seem wholly absorbed in the contemplative state, perceiving nothing of the discussion which occupies the rest of the scene. Their state seems to be one of Devachanic bliss, a strong contrast to man's earthly career of struggle, summed up by the words with which the Lord characterizes it

"Es irrt der Mensch, so lang 'er strebt"
"Man must err, as long as he strives."

Mephistopheles, who later in the poem describes himself as "the spirit that always denies," presents himself among the sons of God ; every word speaks a satirical, mocking dissatisfaction and disgust with all the wonders of the universe ; especially strong is his contempt for man, the wretched insect, who strives to be a god, and with such absurd results.

Heaven being represented somewhat in the guise of a medieval court, Mephistopheles takes his proper place in it as the jester, the court fool ; considering him as such, the good-natured tolerance which the Lord shows for his half subservient, half insolent familiarity, becomes comprehensible to us. In the clear vision of infinite wisdom, what can the spirit of denial be but a mocking buffoon. As the Lord says to him :

"Ich habe deines Gleichen nie gehasst.
Von allen Geistern, die verneinen,
Ist mir der Schalk am wenigsten zur Last."

"The like of thee have never moved my hate.
Of all the denying spirits,
The waggish knave is the least burdensome."

And after Mephistopheles has wagered that Faust's strivings will end in his failing completely from the right way, the Lord tells him :

"A good man through obscurest aspiration,
Has still an instinct of the one true way."

1 Taylor's Translation.

The heavens close, and Mephistopheles is left alone, a characteristic sneer from him ending the scene.

> "I like to see the Old Man, now and then,
> And take care not to break with him entirely;
> It's really very kind in such a noble lord,
> To talk so sociably with a poor devil."

Now we can see that though the framework of the prologue much resembles that of Job, there is this difference; in the older poem Job is the true worshiper of Jehovah, and Satan's wager is that he serves only for reward; take away his prosperity, and he will cease to worship God. Mephistopheles on the other hand mocks at the blind struggles of Faust to reach truth, and wagers that they will end in disappointment and disgust, and finally lead him to the spirit of pure denial. The form of the problem has somewhat changed in 3,000 years, and the form of its solution must be somewhat different.

The scene is now transferred to earth, and Faust is introduced, and in the very first lines we see the conflict going on in him between the aspiration, the inner conviction that there is a higher, truer knowledge, a genuine wisdom; and the spirit of negation which finds only disappointment in every effort to attain this lofty truth.

Through the first act this conflict continues in Faust's soul; the contest is as yet internal, and we hear it in the form of his soliloquy. He has studied the four faculties, and now finds that the truth is no more within his grasp than before; he has much learning, but it does not give him the truth. Now he turns to magic; what the ordinary learning of the schools cannot give him, he will seek from the great spirits of nature; and by the sheer force of his aspiration he brings before him the two spirits, the nature spirit and the earth spirit, but he cannot hold them, and when for the moment he speaks to the earth spirit as to an equal, he is crushed by the contemptuous reply.

"Thour't like the Spirit which thou comprehendest, not me!"

The spirit disappears, and Faust, overwhelmed, exclaims:

"Not thee!
Whom then?
I, image of the Godhead!
Not even like thee!"

A knock at his door from his Famulus, answers his question.

This stinging repulse brings Faust down lower than before. In the moment that he thinks himself the equal of the mighty spirit, he is told he can comprehend nothing higher than the dull routine of a scholastic pedant. Intellectual denial has again conquered aspiration. The world can give

him nothing, but at this moment his eye falls upon a vial on the shelf; another possibility opens to him: what he despairs of life giving him, death may give, and he raises the poison to his lips. At this moment, from without, the Easter songs reach his ear: he hesitates, and as the angelic song rises higher and higher, the glass falls from his hand; he will live.

Faust has been defeated in his three attempts to reach the truth; through study, through magic, and through death. But if the mind cannot reach truth, it can be used for sensuous gratification, and in the next scene we see Faust in the company outside the city gate. The Easter festival, which in its spiritual sense held Faust back from suicide, now appears in the bright spring-time, bringing out from the winter seclusion every form of life. The procession from the city, apprentices, servants, students, maidens, citizens, soldiers, all brought out by the warm sun to enjoy the pleasure of awakening spring and sense, is true to the life, even of to-day. The ease with which the spiritual aspiration passes into the lower emotion is shown by this Easter festival culminating in the Song under the Linden, whose sensuous excess is prophetic of the results of Faust's new tendency.

Faust himself almost involuntarily invokes the elementary spirits, to bring him, if they can do so, to a new and brighter life: and almost immediately the black poodle is seen running about near them. The negative evil half of Faust's nature has taken objective form; no longer is the conflict to be internal only; and as the desire for animal happiness has created the external form, the animal shape is the most fitting for it to assume. Faust intuitively perceives something unusual in the dog, but Wagner, like so many of the commentators of Faust, sees a "poodle and nothing more;" he is a type of those who positively refuse to see anything but the external husk, and have no patience with those who desire to discern an inner meaning. In the next scene, Faust has gone home, taking with him the poodle, who lies quietly down beside the stove.

Aspiration is again in the ascendant in Faust, and he now meditates and comments on the first words of the gospel of John; but as the sentence "In the beginning was the Word" inspires him to lofty thoughts, the dog becomes restless and uneasy, and disturbs Faust by barking and howling. This reminds us of what the occultists teach is a general law; that whenever the higher part of our nature aspires and strives to the divine, the lower part of one's self stirs to fiercer opposition.

Apprehending at last that something more than a mere animal is concerned, Faust evokes by spells of increasing power, the inner form from out the beast. First the Seal of Solomon, the interlaced triangles, as a spell for elemental spirits; and we may note his incidental remark that these forms are only powerful when used by one who knows the true nature of the elements. Stronger spells are needed, and at last are efficacious, and Meph-

istopheles appears as a travelling scholastic; a solution, as Faust says, that makes him laugh.

After a little conversation, in which Mephistopheles states clearly enough his character, and is treated rather contemptuously by Faust, he asks for leave to depart, and explains that he must go out by the same way he came in, but is barred by the pentagram, the five pointed star, traced on the threshold, which, imperfect in one point, let him come in, but will not let him go out. The law of Karma is recalled to us by this necessity of evil going out as it came in; for we know that every wrong action must pay its penalty in its own kind, before we can get clear of it.

In the next scene, Faust again is visited by Mephistopheles, now in his characteristic costume, which he will wear through most of the drama; the feather, sword, and dress of the man of the world. His bargain is soon made: when he can satisfy Faust through the senses, then he wins him forever: he is at Faust's bidding day and night till then, but when once Faust says to the moment, "delay, thou art so fair," then the wager is won. A profitable bargain for the devil, it would seem, and it is reckless enough in Faust to make such a bargain; but after all, would it not be the same, bargain or no? When aspiration is satisfied with sense, what is there more? it is all over with the man, and he is lost at any rate. We need not fear for Faust, for even as he makes the agreement, his contempt is great for all that Mephistopheles can offer:

"Was willst du, armer Teufel, geben?"
"You poor devil, what can you give?"

A short scene follows in which Mephistopheles, disguised in Faust's professorial robes, has an interview with a boy just come to college, and asking advice and instruction. In the advice and instruction that Mephistopheles gives him is concentrated about as much of bad advice and sensual suggestion as could be condensed in few lines; and yet we must note that here, as indeed throughout the whole of the drama, Mephistopheles uses hardly a single direct falsehood. The incarnation of evil and denial, he shows a vast knowledge, an equanimity that rarely is disturbed, and a directness of assertion that does not need to use any literal misstatement. In a later scene, when Faust fiercely denounces him and accuses him of bringing evil on Margaret, Mephistopheles is able calmly to point out that he has only clearly stated the thoughts and fulfilled the wishes which Faust himself had, but was ashamed to acknowledge.

But now Mephistopheles is to show Faust the world, and this world is naturally a world suited to Mephistopheles' purpose, a world with its institutions and society, but all perverted. Self is the object in all; the sensual gratification of self. But Faust must pass through all this: as we are told in *Light on the Path*,

"All steps are necessary to make up the ladder. The vices of men become steps in the ladder, one by one as they are surmounted."

Now we are to see man guided by the spirit of denial, in his relations to the world. The first scene, Auerbach's cellar, shows us the repulsive result when the ordinary needs of life, eating and drinking, become the object of life. We may consider it as representing the state of those in whom the three lower principles of the occult classification have the highest place in the consciousness. This scene causes only disgust to Faust, and we next have "The Witches' Kitchen," a strange scene, a riddle to commentators, which is perhaps rightly interpreted by Mr. Snider as representing the perverted relation of the sexes; a view which we may broaden a little and consider as representing the supremacy of the fourth (Kama Rupa) principle. Here Mephistopheles seeks to captivate Faust by passion, but he only partially succeeds; instead of mere lust, Faust finds a higher ideal, his admiration for the beauty of form redeems his passion from the animal character it would otherwise have, and it leaves him still unsatisfied, aspiring for something higher.

So far, he has dealt with a perverted Mephistophelean world; but now he is himself, under the guidance of Mephistopheles, to pervert the hitherto calm and quiet world of Margaret. The story of Margaret, though naturally an episode in Faust's progress, is yet in one sense a complete story in itself, and appeals strongly to our emotions. To many it is *the* Faust story, being so much simpler and easier of comprehension than the "world bible" of the whole great drama that it has readily adapted itself to scenic and musical representation. And Gretchen's story is in many respects the same as Faust's, but simpler and less complicated intellectually. There is not in her case the intellectual denial of truth; her mind is naturally more intuitional, and her fall is through her affection for Faust; but misguided by this, the consequences are indeed terrible for her; she sins against the two great institutions which are her safeguard, the family and the church; and her fall will bring about the destruction of her mother, her brother and her child; when she turns in terror at the approaching shame and pain, and prays to the Virgin in an appeal of wonderful force and pathos, there is no answer. Then the terrible scene in the church, when she kneels among the multitude, and the Dies Iræ of the choir alternates with the accusing voice of the "Evil Spirit" her conscience, whispering in her ear; neither of them sparing her or offering her any forgiveness. It is the inexorable law of Karma! she has sinned, she must suffer the penalty. The church cannot remove an ounce weight from her suffering in this life; afterwards, it promises nothing, but reserves judgment.

Faust has now left her, and we see him in another of the relations to the perverted world, in which Mephistopheles has placed him; the Brocken

scene, which under the form of a midnight gathering of witches to do honor to their master, represents a type of society in which selfishness is supreme. Multitudes flock to the gathering, with similiar aim, but there is no sympathy; the selfish object may be wealth, sensuality, fame, or anything else; and there is no crime that they are not ready to commit, if necessary for their object; no one will lend a helping hand to another. In many cases, the love of evil has become a passion for evil for its own sake, and we may see here an image of the man in whom the higher principles are drawn down to the service of the lower self; whose fate will be far worse than that of those who live in the lower nature without development of the higher.

Mephistopheles is perfectly at home here, but not Faust; he but half enters into it, and at the point when the wild carnival is at its highest, there rises before him a vision of Margaret, sad, pale, and with a slender blood-red mark about her neck. Instantly he realizes what has been the result to her, in his absence, of their love. It is the turning point in his career; hitherto he has followed Mephistopheles' lead, and even urged him faster on; and now that that lead has brought Margaret into misery, crime, and under sentence of death, Mephistopheles only says "she is not the first." If Faust were to follow the devilish advice and leave her to her fate, it is hard to see how he can ever escape from the downward path he has so far followed. But he does not leave her to her fate; his love for her now shows itself no longer the passion that demands its gratification; it becomes the unselfish desire to save her from the results of his acts. Mephistopheles, hitherto his willing guide, now is his unwilling assistant, and he turns back to save Margaret.

But her redemption must be different from his, as the motives of her fall were different; not undermined by doubt, but falling through her affection, punishment and salvation must correspond. In prison, she acknowledges the justice of her fate; crazed with suffering, she does not at first recognize Faust, who comes to release her; then when she does know him, and he urges her to escape with him, she refuses. Half confusedly she goes over all the story of the first meeting and all that followed; she cannot go with him, and as she sees Mephistopheles at the door, urging haste before the daylight comes, she shudders; Faust in desperation attempts to carry her away by force, but though the vision of her coming execution rises before her, she turns from him, saying, "Judgment of God, I have given myself over to Thee." Her only possible salvation is here; acceptance of the result of her actions, refusal to escape even with the one she loves; yet her last words before she falls, lifeless, are apprehensive for his fate; and as her spirit passes away, we hear from above, fainter and fainter, her voice lovingly calling his name.

Mephistopheles coldly exclaims "She is judged;" but a voice from

above replies "She is saved!" and we all feel that her total sinking of all personal hope or fear in the unselfish love for another, has redeemed her. Faust's nature, however, needs a much longer experience and trial; the evil spirit must go out of him by the way it came in. The episode of Gretchen is ended, as far as Faust's earthly career is concerned: but we may note the half reminiscence, half prophecy of her words in the last scene: "We shall meet again, but not at the dance," which recall to us the Linden song at the beginning of the drama, and point to the final scene of the second part, which is yet far before us.

F. S. COLLINS.

GAIN AND ABEL.

"The first step is Sacrifice; the next, Renunciation."

"'*Es leuchtet mir ein.* I see a glimpse of it!' cries he, elsewhere: 'there is in man a HIGHER than Love of Happiness: he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness! was it not to preach forth this same HIGHER that sages and martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times, have spoken and suffered, bearing testimony, through life and through death, of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom? which God-inspired doctrine art thou also honoured to be taught; O Heavens! and broken with manifold merciful afflictions even till thou become contrite and learn it! O, thank thy Destiny for these; thankfully bear what yet remain; thou hadst need of them; *the Self in thee needed to be annihilated.*'"[1]

The Bibles, poetry, tradition, concur in this verdict. When life has been exalted above mere animalism, a time comes when the Self in thee needs to be annihilated.

Other sacrifices may be difficult; this renunciation is supremely difficult. To destroy what surrounds us is comparatively easy; to rise in the air and destroy the ground we stood on, not so easy, and yet this is what must be done.

Vices may be abandoned—virtues even may be acquired—for selfish reasons; but to banish once and forever, all selfish motives, all personal objects, to work resolutely for universal ends—this can never be done selfishly.

Can we give a reason for following the good, the beautiful, the true? None, but that we find them good, beautiful, true.

To work in this pure disinterestedness and unselfishness is what is necessary.

The Self in thee needs to be annihilated.

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1 Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, Book II, Chap. IX.

Up to this point of progress, the individual has worked.

After this sacrifice, there is no longer an individual; there is only God, working through what were the powers of the individual.

The cup that separated the water from the ocean has been annihilated. Now, there is only the ocean.

After the sacrifice, it is perceived that only an unreality, a bond, was offered up; but till the sacrifice is consummated, what is to be sacrificed is seen as Self.

This sacrifice of Self is made after the illusory nature of the life of the senses is perceived; after it is seen that within the sensuous world there is a spiritual world, of which the sensuous world is a husk.

This perception, the Orientals call—"overcoming the illusions of the Ten."[1]

When the inner world is perceived, these physical senses and organs are superseded by five inner senses, and five inner organs of sense.

This truth is told again and again in the Hebrew Bible. Moses, (the Soul) led the Twelve Tribes (senses, organs, desire, egotism) from bondage in Egypt (sense-life). During the probation in the desert, these Twelve were superseded by Twelve Tribes who had never known bondage, (astral senses, etc.).

But the individual having gone so far, was to cease from individual life.

Moses saw the Land of Promise from afar, but himself entered not in. He died, and another entered in.

The Self was annihilated; there was no longer Man, but God only. Those who have read the *Idyll of the Lotus* have learned the same lesson.

Sensa—the soul—triumphs over Agmahd and the Ten. But Sensa himself perished by the hands of Agmahd and the Ten.

It is the darkest fact in human life, but an inexorable fact, that there is no redemption without sacrifice; the Self needs to be annihilated; and the Christians have rightly made the sacrifice on Calvary the central picture of their religion; Christ had to sacrifice himself before he could ascend to his Father.

This is the meaning of Cain and Abel.

To the Soul (Adam) resting in calm unity, was added Personal desire (Eve). Eve is the type of personal life in its essential character, as recipient of alternate emotions of pleasure and pain, sweet and bitter, good and evil. For Eve tastes the fruit of knowledge of good and evil.

Now, two paths lie open—continued personality through many lives, or redemption through self-sacrifice: Cain is the first; Abel the second.

Cain offers no real sacrifice, and ever after, having chosen egotism and

1 Eye, ear, nose, etc., and tongue, hands, feet, etc.

isolated life, he bears the brand of fear, for fear ever follows strife. The brand remains till Cain learns the "perfect love that casts out fear."

Abel offers the true sacrifice—the whole animal nature. But soul has served Self too long. Before the soul has regained its divinity, the bonds of individuality must be broken by sacrifice. At last the sacrifice is consummated. Abel lies bleeding on the ground, but the liberated soul re-enters Eden, passing the flaming swords of the Cherubim, and advances triumphant to the Tree of Life. There is no longer man, but God only. For this is offered the prayer of the Eastern Saint—

"The dew is on the Lotus ;—Rise, Great Sun !
And lift my leaf, and mix me with the wave !
Om mani padme hum, the Sunrise comes !
The dew-drops slips into the shining sea !"

Dublin, Ireland. CHARLES JOHNSTON, F. T. S.

PERSONALITIES.

Step aside, O toiling brother, into a convenient by-way, and for a moment let the surging crowd pass by. Do not tremble like a child for fear that you may be hopelessly left behind, for you will be forced back all too soon, though if you really pause, and truly ponder, you will never again be so completely identified with the pursuits of the crowd, though you will still be a part of it. Ask of your soul : "What are these personalities that make up the mighty human tide so widely rushing past—this rushing tide replenished at every instant by birth, depleted at every instant by death, yet flowing on forever?" How read you this journey from the cradle to the grave?

Think of the countless myriads whose weary, toiling, bleeding feet have worn deep the channels of this river of time. Listen to the complaints of the weary, the cries of the wounded, the groans of the despairing. Watch with pity the ashen faces as they hear the sound of the cataract ahead, over which they know they must plunge alone into unknown depths. Many are resigned in the presence of fate, for there is true courage at the heart of humanity, but how few are joyous except through ignorance and forgetfulness, and these are the frightened ones in the presence of the inevitable.

Listen to the loud acclaims, when in the rushing stream one is for a moment borne aloft on the crest of a wave, and watch the envy, and even malice of those who are inevitably drawn into the hollow of the wave, as they also struggle to reach the crest. Alas ! the waves of Wealth, and Fame,

and Power; Alas! the bubbling foam of Love. The night cometh, and the stream is still; yet even in the arms of the Brother of Death the echoes of these mighty waves chant their requiem.

Listen a little deeper, O brother of my soul, and hear the sound of many voices: "What shall I eat? What shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed?" and then Alas! "O whither do I tend?"

And still the surging tide rolls on. A friend is passing yonder; hail him, and beckon him to thy side. He answers: "I cannot wait; I have not time." Alas! what hath he else but Time, and the foam of the maddening billows?

Turn now to thy companion, he who bade thee turn aside. Canst thou stop to consider, "Is he short, or tall, or fat, or lean, or black, or white, or man, or woman?" "Are his garments soiled, or clean?" "Comes he from the East, or from the West?" "Hath he letters of introduction?" "On whose authority did he bid thee halt?" "Did he speak in conventional language, and with the proper accent?" "Has his raiment the odor of the sea, or the breath of the mountain, or the fragrance of the flowery vale?"

Be sure it is not thy awakened soul that thus inquires, tis only the voices of the stream yonder, and when thou turnest to look for thy companion, lo! he is gone, and thou art alone, alone with thy soul, and with the echoes of the stream. Fear chills thy blood, and every separate hair stands on end, and as thou rushest back into the surging stream, even thy boon companions are terrified at thy staring eyes, and thy death-like face.

Hast thou seen a ghost? yea verily, the ghost of ghosts, the *Dweller of the Threshold*, and yet thou mightest have found a friend, a teacher, a brother. Rush back into the stream. O! terrified, thou that fleest from thy shadow, and plunge beneath its festering waves, yet even as its murky waters overwhelm thee, thy muscles creep and fear tugs at thy heartstrings.

Drain deep the cup, mount high the wave,
Tramp down the weak, envy the brave!
Bear high the bowl with dance and song,
Laugh at thy fears, shout loud and long.
"O wine of Life! O vintage rare!
Pressed by sore feet in deep despair."

Slowly the pendulum of time
Swings to and fro, with measured chime,
The Dweller e'er on Bacchus waits,
And jealous guards the golden gates.
O! wine of wisdom! soul destilled,
Won from the silence, Life fulfilled.

Vain are the things of time and sense,
Who follows these finds recompense,

Yet he who turns from these and waits,
The glimmer of the golden gates
Will bless the hand what e'er it be
That tenders chart, or offers key.

Came not the Christ in humble mien?
Poor and despised, the Nazarene,
And humble fishermen chose He
Beside the sea of Galilee.
Left not Lord Buddha throne and power
To meditate at midnight hour?

What matters it what hand bestows
The balm of healing for our woes?
For God is God, and Truth is Truth,
Ripe age is but immortal youth.
Let personalities alone,
Go through the gates! and reach the throne.

How many are turned aside by personalities? How many look to the garb of the messenger, forgetting the message, and yet is not the message plain? At one time the message comes from a manger, at another it descends from a throne. Yet is the message ever the same. Nature and time regard not personalities, but swallow up all alike, yet do nature and time and destiny teach ever the same great lesson, and he who would learn of these must both forego and forget personalities, his own and those of others. Personalities are but the fleeting waves on the river of time, caused by the friction of the winds of fortune; they are thy weakness and not thy strength. Thy strength is in thy soul, and thy soul's strength is in the calm, and not in storm revealed.

Inquire not who or what the messenger, but study well the message that comes to thy soul, and bears thee ban or blessing according as thou receivest it, and while thou waitest with lamps untrimmed the Bridegroom passes by.

What matters it to thee what infirmities the messenger may bear, except as thou mayest help him so to bear them that truth may run a freer race? Is it not enough for thee that truth hath given him her signet ring? Judge then of this, and if he falter in his speech or loiter by the way, take up the theme in clearer tones and speak it from thy soul to all thy kind.

Wilt thou withhold thy blessing from the hand that bears the gift, and covet while rejecting the very gift it bears? If thou art so at cross purposes with thyself how canst thou be *at one* with truth?

Truth is many-sided, speaks every language, is clothed in every garb, yet is she ever still the same, *One*, and unchangeable, now and forever. And if she is no respector of persons, canst thou be more select than she?

Alas! thou canst not find her thus, but error rather, and self-deceived rush down the stream of Time, and when thy personalities fall off then shalt thou realize that thou didst refuse the banquet of the gods by scorning thus their messenger. Search out, and know and love and serve the truth, *for truth's own sake*. Follow it through all disguises with scent more sure and keen than hound in search of game. Refuse it not, though it reach thee from a dunghill, welcome it as though straight from God's own throne, and thus shall it ne'er escape thee, and neither love nor hate nor fear shall mar thy harvests, and truth shall honor thee, as thou hast welcomed her.

Beware of false authority, for neither pope nor priest nor book can of itself contain it all, and yet despise them not, for so thou'lt miss the truth. The sole authority for truth is *truth's own self* and if thy soul is but akin to her, thy quickened soul will recognise her every garb, by ties more strong than blood, by kinship everlasting, and as the waters mingle with the sea, so flows thy soul into the bosom of the deeps whence springs afresh in thee the everlasting Life which is the vital breath of Truth.

HARIJ.

THE PATH OF ACTION.

The Mohammedan teacher directs his disciples to tread carefully the razor's edge between the good and the bad; only a hair line divides the false from the true. In this the Asiatic took an excellent illustration, for the "hair line" is the small stroke *alif*, which, placed in a word, may alter the sense from the true to the false.

In chapter four of the Bhagavad-Gita, entitled, "Jnana-Yog," or the book of the Religion of Knowledge, the blessed Krishna instructs Arjuna upon the nature of action, saying: "Renunciation of and devotion through works, are both means of final emancipation; but of these two, devotion through works is more highly esteemed (by Him) than the renunciation of them"; and, "the nature of action, of forbidden action, and of inaction must be well learned. The Path of Action is obscure and difficult to discern."

In ordinary humdrum life these words of Krishna are true enough, but their force is strangely felt in the mind of the devoted student of Theosophy, and especially if he happens to be a member of the Theosophical Society.

That body of investigators has now passed its probationary period, so that, as a whole, it is an accepted chela of the Blessed Masters who gave the impulse that brought it into being. Every member of it, therefore, stands to the whole Society as every fibre in the body of any single chela

does to the whole man. Thus now, more than ever before, does each member of the Society feel disturbing influences; and the Path of Action becomes more and more likely to be obscured.

Always existing or coming into existence in our ranks, have been centres of emotional disturbance. Those who expect that these perturbations ought now to cease and grow less likely to recur, will find themselves mistaken. The increase of interest that is being taken in the Society's work, and the larger number of earnest students who are with us than at any previous period, constitute elements of agitation. Each new member is another nature added, and every one acts after his own nature. Thus the chances for being discomposed are sure to increase; and it is better thus, for peace with stagnation partakes of the nature of what is called in the Bhagavad-Gita, *Tamogunam*, or, of the quality of darkness. This quality of darkness, than which there is nothing worse, is the chief component of indifference, and indifference leads only to extinction.

Still another element in this equation that every earnest Theosophist has to solve, and which in itself contains the potency of manifold commotions, is a law, hard to define, yet inexorable in its action. For its clearer comprehension we may say that it is shown in nature by the rising of the sun. In the night when the moon's rays flooded the scene, every object was covered with a romantic light, and when that luminary went down, it left everything in a partial obscurity wherein many doubtful characters could conceal their identity or even masquerade for that which they were not. But on the sun's arising all objects stand out in their true colors; the rugged bark of the oak has lost the softening cover of partial day: the rank weeds can no longer be imagined as the malwa flowers. The powerful hand of the God of day has unveiled the character of all.

It must not be supposed that a record has been kept by any officials, from which are to be taken and published the characters of our members. There is no need of that; circumstances taking place in natural order, or apparently from eccentric motion, will cause us all, whether we will or not, to stand forth for what we are.

Every one of us will have to stop and learn in the cave outside of the Hall of Learning, before we can enter there. Very true that cave, with all its dark shadows and agitating influences, is an illusion, but it is one that very few will fail to create, for hard indeed to be overcome are the illusions of matter. In that shall we discover the nature of action and inaction; there we will come to admit that although the quality of action partakes of the nature of badness, yet it is nearer to the quality of truth than is that which we have called darkness, quietude, indifference. Out of the turmoil and the strife of an apparently untamed life may arise one who is a warrior for Truth. A thousand errors of judgment made by an earnest student,

who with a pure and high motive strives to push on the Cause, are better than the outward goodness of those who are judges of their fellows. All these errors made in a good cause, while sowing good seed, will be atoned by the motive.

We must not then be judges of any man. We cannot assume to say who shall or shall not be allowed to enter and to work in the Theosophical Society. The Masters who founded it, wish us to offer its influence and its light to all regardless of what we may ourselves think; we are to sow the seed, and when it falls on stony ground no blame attaches to the sower.

Nor is our Society for good and respectable people only. Now, as much as when Jesus of Nazareth spoke, is it true that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner who repenteth, than over ninety-nine just men who need no repentance.

Remembering then, that the Path of Action is obscure and difficult to to be discerned, let us beware of the illusions of matter.

HADJII ERINN.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONERS.

The notice published last month, that questions might be asked, addressed to "Zadok," has elicited several queries, from which we select the following. Hereafter "Zadok" will continue his answers, but they will be given through the PATH's columns, except where their private nature may call for personal correspondence.

From C.

1st. **Is celibacy necessary to the highest spiritual life and attainment. Is this your idea of true occultism?**

Answer—By no single way is the highest spiritual life attained. The highest Adept and the true occult student, have at some time been wedded to woman. The highest attainment is never reached until a man has passed through this experience. Under certain conditions and at a certain time celibacy is a great aid, but if the student is wedded then it is his *duty* to continue in that condition, and instead of proving a barrier it will be an assistance to his progress if he rightly comprehends its significance. All the lessons which are taught the true occult student are given in daily life and through nature's laws. The celibate loses some of these lessons—lessons which he must inevitably learn—because he violates a great law of nature.

The result of celibacy is that the student works by intellect alone. It is necessary for true occult work that the heart be used also. One of the greater of the "mysteries" can never be learned by the celibate, for he never stands as hand in hand with God a controller of a creative force.

2d.—Is a purely vegetable diet indispensable to a high and serene spiritual life?

Answer.—One might eat grass, grain and turnips, a million years, but that *of itself* would not produce a high or serene spiritual life. All these things are aids, not necessities.

If the physical condition is such that animal food can be dispensed with, or without disturbing other people or neglecting the labor given, then it is wise to do away with it. The physical is thereby purified, making it less gross, material and animal like. But "one man's meat is another's poison." Use that which seems the wisest to you. "It is not that which goeth into the mouth but that which cometh out that defileth a man." The right thought, the proper motive, the true Will have more to do with true Occultism than any exterior acts or practices. Fraternally, ZADOK.

From T.

1st.—Am I the result of a series of existences or a series of co-existences?

Answer.—That which is known as you is the result of one continuous existence of an entity. Your present body and your soul (or the personality) are the results of a series of existences. Your Karma is a result of co-existence. The individuality, or spirit, is the cause of the soul and personality, or what is called "you". You are the manifestation of an entity and are the result of many appearances of that entity upon this stage of action in various personalities.

2d.—May one walk for any distance along the Path without being able to see into the Astral Light, or without recognizing anything extraordinary?

Answer.—One may journey an entire life time on "The Path" and not see into the Astral Light *consciously*. All men see into it, for all who dream are looking there, the body being asleep and not receptive.

One may journey a long distance and not see, for all do not work in the same manner. Some may hear "ages before they see," or may feel a long time before either seeing or hearing. The tool most efficient at a certain period is the one used.

We may journey the entire way without recognizing anything extraordinary or encountering phenomena. The most extraordinary things are found in the most ordinary, and are overlooked because of their seeming familiarity. When the understanding is directed to the natural, one finds the supra-natural or supra-human things.

All questions are vital so long as they remain unsolved but all will be answered. It requires patience in ourselves, for many times the answers do not come until years after the question has been propounded. If I can be of further use to you please consider me at your service.

ZADOK.

From J. V.

"There are two ways to ascend and descend, the direct and indirect."
Tea Table, Oct. PATH. 1st. What are these ways?

Answer—The thistle down is blown hither and thither with every breath of wind; The arrow speeds straight to the mark from the powerful bow.

The indirect way is that of the thistle down; the Astral going out when the body is asleep, does so in a diffused condition—a passive state—with no adequate force to control it or master unseen forces. It floats at the mercy of every current in the Astral, gleaning here and there as a butterfly but taking the good and bad indiscriminately. It may reach high spheres, but is more likely to remain in those nearest to the physical. This way is traveled by all when asleep, and there dreams are made. It is the passive state where desire is the ruler, and is sometimes traveled in the waking conscious state, but is uncontrollable and unreliable.

The direct way is that of the arrow from the bow. The Astral speeds directly to the sphere which holds the knowledge it is to receive. It does so in obedience to an irresistable force—the Will: Will in accordance with divine law. It is concrete going and returning in obedience to this force, bringing little with it from intermediate spheres other than that for which it is seeking. This occurs in dreamless slumber and the knowledge acquired is not communicated in a dream. This way is travelled in the conscious state for it is the way of the student of the Occult. Unless the man's thought and motive are pure, he is incapable of using the true will, and his Astral goes where other will's or forces drive it. It pauses when other forces interfere—learns from the place it happens to be in, and brings back a horrible jumble sometimes.

2d. Where do these ways lead?

One way leads to Theosophia—Illumination—when travelled awake or asleep.

The other to consideration of self—ordinary living with its erroneous conceptions—as an Occult way, to love of phenomena and spiritism.

They lead to spheres within the astral, for the astral body passes not beyond astral limits. Only when the soul is freed from the astral and material bodies does it pass to higher spheres. These ways also lead to planets, stars and other worlds, for all these may be within the astral of this globe.

ZADOK.

Authority.

We have received the following from California :

In the July Path is an article entitled—"Shall We Know Our Friends in Heaven?" I would like to ask if the Swedish Seer Swedenborg, has not answered that question to the satisfaction of theosophists. If he is accepted as an authority I should think his answer compiete and satisfactory.

Yours, E. W. F.

Inasmuch as theosophists are of all shades of belief, and as Swedenborg was of one sort in regard to the matter referred to, his answer cannot be satisfactory to all theosophists, nor can it be authoritative. The Society, as such, has no authorities. It was founded with the object of breaking down that reliance upon "authority" which has been the bane of man for ages, and it would be strange now if we could admit *authority* for theosophists. It is true that sometimes the impression has been conveyed by individuals, that the final arbiters in matters of belief are the Mahatmas, but at no time has any Mahatma given out such an idea. We are engaged in trying to develop a truer appreciation of the Light of Life which is hidden in every man, and so the "final authority" is the man himself.

It makes very little difference whether Swedenborg or Mr. Chas. Johnston is right as to the question of meeting our friends in heaven; their beliefs will not alter the fact whatever it may turn out to be; but even if it is not a matter of the highest importance, we cannot even in that permit any "theosophical authority."

Each of us is the master of his own destiny; each one can read Swedenborg or Luther as to these matters; but from all such thinkers it can be gathered that the ancient Bhagavad-Gita is true where it says, that "whatever nature a man thinks on when he abandons the body at last, to that only does he go, having been always conformed to that nature," and such is the doctrine of Swedenborg.

Theosophical Aspects Of Contemporary Literature.

"Astral Perception." *The Platonist*, September, 1887. An exceptionally thoughtful and valuable paper, the author of which is vouched for as a born seer and occultist. We hope to recognize other thoughts from his pen. He concludes: "Strictly in accord with the teaching of modern science is the statement in 'Through the Gates of Gold' that the separation which exists between individuals, between worlds, between the different poles of the universe and of life, the mental and physical phantasy called space, is a nightmare of the human imagination. To break through these illusions and

realize the unity of all things is the task of the mystic. One who is thralled by the concerns of this life, hungers for the love of fellow beings and dreads their hatred, still cares for wealth and honor, still lusts for physical life and separate existence, had better not intrude upon that other field of illusion, the astral world. Astral perception is not a thing in itself to be desired; it should come in the normal course of development. Nothing is gained by turning from one set of illusions to pursue another; and so of all pursuits phenomena-seeking is most to be deprecated. The knowledge comes only to those who strive to realize unity. He who, beginning upon the lowest plane of life by self-renunciation and devotion to the interests of others, realizes this truth upon each successive plane, attains Nirvana. He who seeks knowledge with any other motive than the unselfish desire to benefit all living creatures is drifting upon the sea of rebirths unpiloted and starless."

"THROUGH WHAT HISTORICAL CHANNELS DID BUDDHISM INFLUENCE EARLY CHRISTIANITY?" *Open Court*, Sept. 15, 1887. Third and concluding part of Gen. Forlong's essay. In this is shown the extreme activity of Buddhist missoionary work in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era, Buddhism having been the "first and perhaps the greatest of missionary faiths." Theirs was the propaganda which would naturally start such sects as the Therapeuts of 200, and the Essenes of 150, B. C., the Baptizers of the Euphrates and the Jordan, culminating in Johanites and Manicheans of Ctesiphon." They had ample time, between say, 300 B. C. and 150 A. C., to fulfill their Gospel mandate that "all must preach what the master taught—that whoso hides his faith shall be struck with blindness." Thus diligent Sramans had long sought every lone pass in wild mountains or river gorges, where they knew armies or travelers must pass and rest, in order, 'to compass their proselytes,' and the wider to disseminate their faith in all lands. They urged on king and peasant, the robber and murderer, that the world was but a passing show in which they should try to assuage the miseries of their fellows; that they should ponder less upon their gods and more on a gospel of duty, and though this had little immediate effect, and on some never had any, yet it commended itself to good men, and lightened the burdens of the weary."

"THE OCCULT SCIENCES IN THE TEMPLES OF ANCIENT EGYPT." By Georgia Louise Leonard. *Open Court*, September 29, October, 1887. A paper read at the "Fortnightly Conversation" in Washington. Its point of view is thoroughly sympathetic with the subject, and its conclusions are reached by an evidently thorough consideration. The shortcomings of modern scholars in Egyptology, who lack comprehension of the fundamental principles of Occultism, are exposed, "Honest and faithful, then, as these scholars may be," says the author, "It is not singular that they have failed to comprehend the full significance of ideas veiled in obscure or mystical language, and have stigmatized many a precious Egyptian scroll as childish and absurd. And yet—those who will may discover in them priceless gems of truth half hid 'midst the clumsy modern renderings of a speech long dead." The author effectively rebukes the sneers of some of our self-sufficient modern scientists with the following significant words from Lord Bacon's "Novum Organum": "We have but an imperfect knowledge of the discoveries in arts and sciences made public in different ages and countries, and still less of what has been done by particular persons and transacted in private;" and Bacon further says: "As to those who set up for teachers of the sciences, when they drop their character, and at intervals speak their sentiments, they complain of the subtlety of nature, the concealment of truth, the obscurity of things, the entanglement of causes, and the imperfections of the human understanding; thus rather choosing to accuse the common state of men and things, than make confession of themselves."

Tea Table Talk.

Glancing through the various magazines of last month I was reminded once more, with the ever renewed commingling of sadness and hope, of the blindness of man to the occult truths pressing upon him from all sides, so near is the eternal. That man, who is each one of us, sees now, and now is opaque to all these influences: did he but follow out the corollaries of his thought, and loving its Truth, bind heart and brain together in action and farther search, how immensely we should all gain; how our wealth would pile up; it is my firm faith that mankind needs every man, needs his life, his quota of truth, needs the core of him. Such a need on the part of our fellows must cheer us on.

We continually hold in hand clues to the immortal; we doubt, we neglect the instinct and ourselves; we lie fallow overlong. Susanna Wesley wrote to a son: "Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind, that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."[1] Here is a thoroughly theosophical statement, yet she would probably have denied theosophy, and the logical inference of her statement, which seems to be that man must find within his enlarged self, the ideal, the final Court of Appeal. No finer instance can be found of the wondrous justice of the law of compensation, than the fact that finished worldly natures sometimes deduce the real and higher teachings of life from their experience, and see further into the depths of Being than do certain spiritual natures. These teachings are assuredly spiritual, and if those who reach them by way of intensely material life, at times bear better witness to their fullness, they undoubtedly image that Perfection which contains the material essence within Its own. It is this triune completion which raises perfected man higher than the radiant, untempted angel, and reminds anew not to neglect, but to develop and lift this part of our natures to that strict impartiality and immovability which in the typical man of the world acts as the reflector of a diviner justice, and rewards him with the immunities of an unrestrained outlook. Sharers of all things, we must have partaken of all before we can attain. A case in point may be seen in Lawrence Oliphant's "Life of Adventure." He takes us everywhere; through revolutionary episodes, courts, mutinies, diplomacy, sport, politics, insurrections, ballrooms, convents and even to Adam's Peak, Ceylon, (where lives the much talked of Rev. Sumangala) of which he gives a most interesting account. Having delivered this voluminous experience, he compresses into an *Envoi* the "Moral of it all," which is, that the world appears to him as a gigantic lunatic asylum, and his "thirst to find something that was not a sham or a contradiction in terms, increased. And the question occurred to me whether there might not be latent forces in nature, by the application of which this profound moral malady might be reached. To the existence of such forces we have the testimony of the ages. It was by the invocation of these that Christ founded the religion of which the popular theology has become a travesty, and it appeared to me that it could only be by a reinvocation of these same forces * * * that a restoration of that religion to its pristine purity could be hoped for." He is evidently the man of his thought; he determines to shed this gay coating of unreality, and to enter that chrysalis region "miscalled mystic," wherein he believes these forces, and the hope of his race, to lie. This result is the more interesting because it is the "moss from a rolling stone," of which he speaks; the outcome of a life of adventure, undertaken for pleasure and profit, which meet the messengers of Truth. The whole book, so well worth reading, intensifies this moral; he appears a brilliant synthesis of the possibilities of our time: he

1 Susanna Wesley. Famous Women Series.

epitomises and accentuates the turning point of the race, and compels an instant recognition of the gallant, soldierly manner in which he takes leave of the reader to follow up his convictions. We perceive that after exploring the actual, we are met with a divine paradox; we must consume the Real to find the True—which is the Ideal.

This paragraph in a magazine struck me. "Men are more like than unlike one another: let us make them know one another better, that they may be all humbled and strengthened with a sense of their fraternity. Neither arts, nor letters, nor sciences, except as they somehow, clearly or obscurely. tend to make the race better and kinder, are to be regarded as serious interests."[1] The admission is timely. How many of us, assenting to it with our intellects, will go away and live on a contrary basis? Scientists may probe matter and declare what they will; it is the heart (not alone the mere physical heart) and not the brain, directs the life. Why else do we ignore such perceptions in practice when, if they be true, it is so much to our interest to carry them out? It is because we do not feel them; the heart is attached to personality: it is not convinced of an identity of interest. When heart and brain agree, we can feel as brothers, and contribute our ideas to one another, as we turn streams into a dam, heedless what becomes of them, so they mingle to a general utility. Life deepens and broadens the instant we keep well abreast with our most instinctive moments!

Another writer has apparently failed to do this. Speaking of bird life, he remarks: "What I am about to describe I suppose to be nothing more than an accidental and unaccountable idiosyncracy of the particular bird in question. Such freaks of temperament are more or less familiar to all bird naturalists, and may be taken as extreme developments of that individuality which seems to be the birthright of every living creature, no matter how humble."[2] It is a "birthright" yet its development is "accidental"! It is one of the external merits of Theosophy that it teaches one to speak and to think with exactitude. What a pity that this fact of marked individuality in lower species of life, does not point out the possession of a soul germ, a step in the evolution of conscious free will to this close natural observer!

In the same magazine, another contributor muses aloud: "I often wish that every one made use of a sort of mind cure which some persons have found invaluable. Nature has a wondrous power of ministry to a mind diseased, and through avenues of sense can reach, and touch, and heal the soul. * * * There are seasons of real and very special trouble, when nature may give a sore and wounded spirit a comfort all her own. * * Sometimes it is difficult to keep from believing that the earth has voices, 'mystic, wonderful,' whose weird message continually tries to get itself delivered to our ear."

Why set yourself this "difficult" task, friend? Nature is always plucking us by the sleeve, giving us here a nudge and there a thrust: many an olive branch she holds out to us. Perpetually she tries to break through those cobwebs we spin around us! fetters so aerial yet so elastic that her efforts rebound. The free nature asserts itself against a chain, but cobwebs are a terrible, because an impalpable, unsuspected confinement. It is the little common-place things that most often shut us away from the surging splendor of real life. Little tenacities, petty arguments, small aims, paltry conventions, narrow ideas, trifling but sugared deceptions; a whole host of rubbish that no one really cares for beyond habit; the "little foxes that spoil the vines;" terrible frittering of energies.

The individual suffers from an immense sadness at these things, but nature never wearies. Have you never tried to sink down to her heart; to enter her thought? Never leaned against a tree and felt something like a current drawing you inward; close, and closer still? That is our loquacious nurse telling of the identity of the world soul in both: the ancients would say

1 Harpers, for Sep. Easy Chair.
2 *Atlantic Monthly* for Sep., Woodland Intimates.

a prisoned Dryad called on you for freedom. This too is true: the captive soul ever calls. Symbology represents the eternal, evolving current of life by a tree. Then the far stars, why do they too draw us? The circling waves that lull us; do they know that we have somewhat to learn in the land of dreams. When the human current of a crowded thoroughfare sets against you, have you never felt a fierce joy in dividing and breasting its tide; never felt the magnetic waves leaping so along your sides and speculated on their uses and powers? Whence comes it that amid the rush of the huge, mad city, we find a pure silence, like the small stillness in the whirlwind's centre. Is it not because the Now is the Eternal? I have nearly tried and won "the great adventure" in long rides through the spicy solitudes of resinous forests, so at one with my horse at every nerve, and with the west wind at every pore, so blent with nature, that I seemed to drop out of sight with the sun. Or prone among flowering grasses, half hidden in a gorgeous autumnal showering, not knowing which poured forth in song; the bird in the hedge, or the bird in my heart. Or in the August heats, watching between drowsy lids, the harvest falling blade by blade and falling ripely with it—into what? sleep, or change? Not so long ago I walked in an orchard where every impulse set springward; where an evasive green mist, like a hope of summer, escaped the eye, to clothe the pungent earth a few paces further on. The bluebird sang over submerged marshes: young cattle tried their strength; the droning hum of awakening life swelled softly on. I thought how near the Kingdoms really stood to one another after all, since a thought could unite them, picturing to myself that if the animal were endowed for an instant with a perception of the thought in the man before it; if a master power were there to set up one cyclonic vibration, overpassing time, how from the beast might leap the man, as from the man, the god! So the typical man of the fields and the complete man of the world have a point in common; each is in union with the highest consciousness of his circle and gets his strength from that assimilation. It is only a larger limitation on either part, however, but could they find one common heartbeat, what riches they might exchange. A man longs for the real fellowship of his kind, so set aloof in fancied sequestration; then not getting that, he falls to dreaming on a sunny stone wall, and entering into the feeling of nature, almost becomes one with the all.

"To walk, deep wrapped, along a heavenly height,
O'er seeing all that man but undersees.
To loiter down deep valleys of delight
And feel the beating of the hearts of trees;
And think the thoughts the lilies think in white,
By greenwood pools."

Under the influence of these natural forces we see that man too has a boundless nature, that it pauses here and there; puts forth blossoms; makes now a mountain, now a butterfly; there sets desolation and there a harvest; discovers, rends, obliterates, reforms, and passes lustily along to its goal. True companionship enables him to compare, use, purify and unify all experience. We may not realize universal Brotherhood, but realizing its practical value, we can try to come nearer it in our own lives. The way to find a good friend is to be one. I have endeavored to show that we have often more fellow thinkers than the present obscurity makes visible. We are in a transition period; in a half light near the close of a cycle. A great multitude is really starting out to travel our road, and by watching for any incipient feelers they may throw out, we may do a great deal of good. It will probably be by way of encouragement, rather than by criticism; as comrades rather than as instructors, and to avoid collision, "keep to the *Right* as the *Law* directs."

JULIUS.

The Leader of the world, whose store of merit has been praised, has no equal in the triple world. O supreme of men, let us soon become like thee!

OM.